

SIX-GUN HEROES

SIX GUN HEROES

presents

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

No 40

ALL
NEW
OFFICIAL
TV
SHOW

Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Dickok

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois

IT STARTED WHEN JIM WHITE PULLED UP IN HIS NEW CAR.



I made \$18 EXTRA this week thanks to this terrific Selling Outfit!



No, but maybe BETTER! I'm a Mason Shoe Man in off hours. You should see how people buy these shoes! Look... real AIR CUSHION insoles!



Just told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled:



I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!



Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!



My spare-time business grew big, fast and down is it was a cinch getting 'new' orders!



I soon had a business that brought me over \$3,000 EXTRA a year, plus nothing prices!



Mail Coupon
For **YOUR**
FREE
Money-Making
Outfit!

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Starting Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads...EVERYTHING you need to start making big money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a raise every month—with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to be your own boss...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 264, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful FREE SALES OUTFIT right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 264
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

SIX-GUN HEROES

APPROVED
BY THE
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CODE
AUTHORITY

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Alfred P. Fitch Executive Editor

Jingles AND Wild Bill Hickok

in LAST STAGE to CHEYENNE

TIMBERLINE, A MINING TOWN HIGH ON THE SLOPES OF THE ROCKIES HAD ITS SHARE OF BADMEN... MARSHAL HICKOK AND JINGLES WERE SENT TO TIMBERLINE TO BRING IN TWO OF THESE MEN!

WHEN THEY WERE READY TO RETURN, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES RIDING A STAGE LOADED WITH GOLD, GREEN-BACKS, AND THE BEAUTIFUL BANKER'S WIFE!

THEY'RE AFTER THE GOLD SHIPMENT, JINGLES! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

I WILL WHEN THIS... THIS LADY LETS GO OF ME!



IT WASN'T HARD FOR MARSHAL HICKOK AND JINGLES TO FIND THE MEN THEY WANTED... WHEN THEY REACHED TIMBERLINE BY STAGE-COACH...

THEM FELLERS YUH MENTIONED HANG-OUT IN THE THREE SPOT CASINO!

THANKS!



SHUCKS, YUH HANG ALL THE FUN! LET ME GET IN ON IT THIS TIME!

I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL GET YOUR SHARE OF TROUBLE THIS TIME, JINGLES!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



HELLO, AL! MARSHAL HICKOK, THIS IS AL BENNER, MANAGER OF THE GOLD SMELTER HERE. HICKOK IS RIDING THE STAGE TODAY, AL!

GOOD! I'LL HAVE ADDED PROTECTION FOR THE BULLION I'M SHIPPING OUT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...
GOSH, BILL, BANKER REAM IS SHIPPING GREENBACKS AND THE SMELTER IS SHIPPING A LOAD OF INGOTS!

SHHH! NOT SO LOUD! IT'S A SECRET! ONLY A FEW IN TOWN KNOW ABOUT IT!



THE STAGE WAS TO LEAVE AT THREE - AND IT WAS ALREADY LOADED AND WAITING...

THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR. JINGLES WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY!

I'M RIDING UP WITH THE DRIVER, JINGLES!



IT'S A THREE DAY HAUL TO CHEYENNE. RECKON WE'LL GET THERE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE?

NOPE! I SMELLED TROUBLE SOON'S I HEARD ABOUT THE GOLD AND THE MONEY, MARSHAL!



HERE'S A GOOD SPOT FOR ROAD AGENTS! IT'S A LITTLE CLOSE TO TOWN, THOUGH!

WE'LL KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT, ANYHOW!



WHIP 'EM UP! I'LL HANDLE THE SHOOTING!

SIX-GUN HEROES

IT SEEMED AS THOUGH EVERY TREE AND ROCK HAD AN OUTLAW... BUT WILD BILL'S ACCURATE .45'S KEPT THEM UNDER COVER...



KEEP STINGIN' THE HORSES, DRIVER!

WE'RE GONNA... OHNN. I'M HIT, MARSHAL!

LEGGO, LADY! DOGGONE IT, HOW CAN I SHOOT WITH YUH HANGIN' AROUND MY NECK?

TURN AROUND AND GO BACK! I DIDN'T GET A SHOT AT THEM!

YOU WILL! THEY'LL HIT US AGAIN DOWN IN THE VALLEY! JUST DON'T GET CAUGHT HUGGING THE LADY NEXT TIME!

THE FEARLESS MARSHAL DROVE THE FOUR HORSE TEAM AT BREAK-NECK SPEED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-- BUT HE KNEW THEY COULDN'T OUTFRIN MEN ON HORSE-BACK...

MR. JINGLES, YOU'RE SO BRAVE! WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO LET THEM HAVE THE GOLD?

SHUCKS, NO! ME AN' BILL ARE SWORN TO UPHOLD THE LAW!

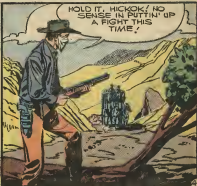


THEY'LL HIT US DOWN ON THE FLAT WHERE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STOP THE TEAM! THEY WON'T WANT THE LADY TUH GET HURT!

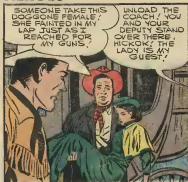
THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURED IT!



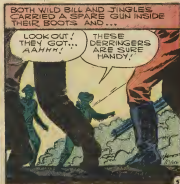
HOLD IT, HICKOK! NO SENSE IN PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT THIS TIME!



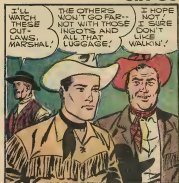
SIX-GUN HEROES



IT TOOK THE OUTLAWS LITTLE TIME TO UNLOAD THE STAGE-- INCLUDING THE BANKER'S WIFE'S LUGGAGE...



SIX-GUN HEROES



I'LL WATCH THESE OUT-LAWS, MARSHAL!

THE OTHERS WON'T GO FAR-- NOT WITH THOSE INGOTS AND ALL THAT LUGGAGE!

I HOPE NOT! I SURE DON'T LIKE WALKIN'!

THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL LED DIRECTLY TO A TRAPPER'S CABIN IN THE TIMBER! AND JINGLES GOT THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE...



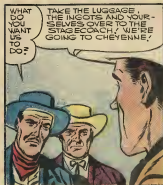
L-LOOK! IT'S THE BANKER, MR. REAM AND MR. BENNER, THE MINE-MANAGER!

NATURALLY! THEY ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING! GET READY FOR ACTION, JINGLES-- HERE WE GO!



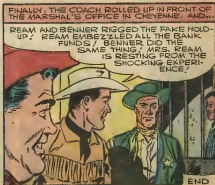
GET 'EM UP, BOYS! TRY ANY TRICKS AND... I WARNED YOU, MISTER!

IT'S HICKOK! GET 'IM OR... ARGH!



WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

TAKE THE LUGGAGE, THE INGOTS AND YOURSELVES OVER TO THE STAGECOACH! WE'RE GOING TO CHEYENNE!



FINALLY, THE COACH ROLLED UP IN FRONT OF THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN CHEYENNE, AND...

REAM AND BENNER RIGGED THE FAKE HOLD-UP! REAM EMBEZZLED ALL THE BANK FUNDS! BENNER DID THE SAME THING! MRS. REAM IS RESTING FROM THE SHOCKING EXPERIENCE!

END

SIX-GUN HEROES

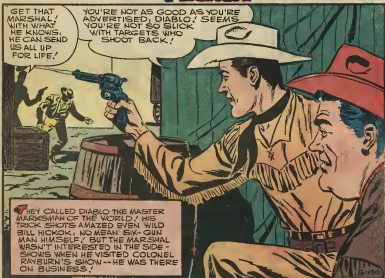
Jingles

in **CARNIVAL OF FEAR**

AND **Wild Bill Hickok**

GET THAT MARSHAL! WITH WHAT HE KNOWS, HE CAN SEND US ALL UP FOR LIFE!

YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS YOU'RE ADVERTISED, DIABLO! SEEMS YOU'RE NOT SO SLICK WITH TARGETS WHO SHOOT BACK!

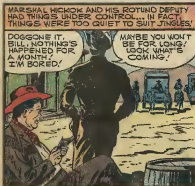


HEY CALLED DIABLO THE MASTER MARKSMAN OF THE WORLD! HIS TRICK SHOTS AMAZED EVEN WILD BILL HICKOK, NO MEAN SIX-GUN MAN HIMSELF! BUT THE MARSHAL WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE SIDE-SHOWS WHEN HE VISITED COLONEL RAYBURN'S SHOW-- HE WAS THERE ON BUSINESS!

MARSHAL HICKOK AND HIS ROTUND DEPUTY HAD THINGS UNDER CONTROL... IN FACT, THINGS WERE TOO QUIET TO SUIT JINGLES!

DOGGONE IT, BILL, NOTHING'S HAPPENED FOR A MONTH! I'M BORED!

MAYBE YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!



I TRUST YOU WILL NOT OBJECT IF WE SET UP AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, MARSHAL?

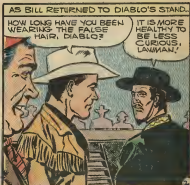
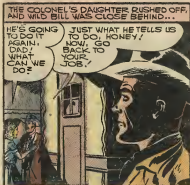
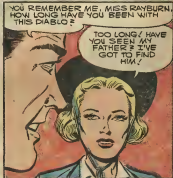
I RECKON NOT--IF YOUR OUTFIT IS STRAIGHT AND YOU'RE NOT OUT TO FLEECE EVERYBODY IN TOWN!



SIX-GUN HEROES



CON-
PUNCHERS
AND
RANCH
OWNERS
CAME
FROM
ALL OVER
TO SEE
THE
CARNIVAL!
MARSHAL
HICKOK
AND
JINGLES
FOUND
EVERY-
THING
AS THE
COLONEL
HAD
PROMISED...



SIX-GUN HEROES

MARSHAL HICKOK WENT BACK TO TOWN! HE WAS IN HIS OFFICE WHEN HE HEARD A SHOT...

I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU BEFORE!



I HOPE THE EXPRESS COMPANY'S WATCHMAN ISN'T BADLY HURT! RIGHT NOW MY JOB IS TO GET THOSE TWO HOMBRES!



PRETTY FAIR SHOOTING FROM THE BACK OF A HORSE -- AND I'LL LOSE THEM ONCE THEY MIX IN WITH THE CARNIVAL CROWD!



THE CARNIVAL WAS IN FULL SWING, FILLED WITH EAGER CUSTOMERS LINING UP FOR TICKETS...

NOW, REMEMBER, BABY!

YOU CUT THAT LAST SHOW SHORT, DIDN'T YOU, DIABLO? TAKE A TRIP TO TOWN?



I'VE BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT. HAVEN'T I, DIANE? TELL HIM!

Y-YES, HE WAS HERE ALL NIGHT-- TALKING TO ME...



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! THANKS, FRIEND! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

M-MY ARM! LET GO, HICKOK! I HAVE A SHOW IN A FEW MINUTES!



SIX-GUN HEROES

BACK AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE MARSHAL FOUND THE GROGGY WATCHMAN AND AN INDIGNANT OFFICE MANAGER...

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN WHILE MY PLACE WAS ROBBED?



RELAX, LEO! I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO DID IT! FIND ANYTHING, JINGLES?

YEAH, BILL! I FOUND THIS SILVER DOLLAR WITH HOLES PUNCHED IN IT NEAR WHERE THE WATCHMAN WAS LAYIN'!



DOGGONE IT, BILL, YUH DONE IT AGAIN! LEFT ME IN TOW WHILE YUH WENT SKYHOOTIN' OFF AFTER THE OUT-LAWS!

YOU DID A LOT MORE GOOD HERE, JINGLES! LET'S TURN IN!



THE NEXT DAY WAS QUIET--FOR EVERYONE BUT THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR! WILD BILL KEPT HIM BUSY...

I JUST CAME FROM THE CARNIVAL--DIABLO AND THE HELPER WHO TAKES CARE OF THE PROPS WERE GABBIN' ALL DAY! WHAT'D YOU GET, BILL?

JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! LET'S GET BACK TO THE CARNIVAL!



LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE WAS AT THE CARNIVAL...

HURRY UP--WE HAVE TO GET BACK FOR THE NEXT SHOW!

GET ON THE HORSE, BABY! AS LONG AS YOU'RE WITH US, WE'RE SAFE!

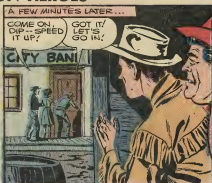


THERE'S GONNA BE ANOTHER HOLD-UP! HOW DO YOU KNOW, BILL?

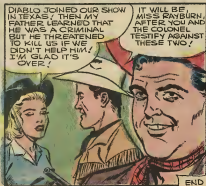
A SILVER DOLLAR TOLD ME! GET THAT HORSE MOVIN', JINGLES!



SIX-GUN HEROES



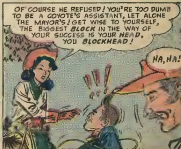
THE FIGURES INSIDE WORKED FAST-- THEN MARSHAL HICKOK MADE HIS ENTRANCE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

---HAS A
BLOCK
PARTY!



Jingles

SIX-GUN HEROES
in **'THE RIGHT MEDICINE'**

AND
Wild Bill Hickok

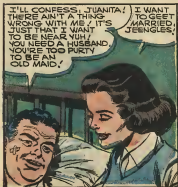
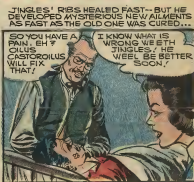


THE DOCTOR WAS AMAZED AT THE AMOUNT OF PUNISHMENT JINGLES HAD TAKEN! HE TAPED HIM UP, AND THEN...



SIX-GUN HEROES

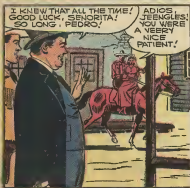
JINGLES TOOK ONE LOOK AT HIS DARK EYED WIFE AND DECIDED THAT BEING SICK WASN'T BAD AT ALL...



SIX-GUN HEROES



IT WAS ONLY A FEW MINUTES BUT IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS FOR JINGLES BEFORE JUANITA RE-APPEARED...



"MEET PONY BOB"

An excellent description of a pony rider in action comes to us from Mark Twain. During the summer of 1861, the man who was going to give the "world some excellent stories, made a long trip by Overland Stage from Missouri to Nevada. This is what he had to say about the pony rider:

"The pony rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of night or day his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing or sleeting; or whether his 'beat' was a level, straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices; or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must always be ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind!

There was no idling time for a pony rider on duty. He rode fifty miles on a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding a fast, impatient steed. The transfer of rider and mail bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair out of sight before the spectator could get hardly a ghost of a look.

There were about eighty pony riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching a long procession from Missouri to California. Forty flying eastward, and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred horses earn a stirring livelihood and seeing a good deal of the scenery every single day in the year.

We had a burning desire from the beginning to see a pony rider, but somehow all that passed us, and all that we met, managed to streak by in the night. We heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the window.

But now we were expecting one along every moment, and could see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims, 'Here he comes!' and every neck is stretched further and every

eye strained wider. Way across the dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and we can see that it moves!

In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling, sweeping toward us nearer and nearer, and coming plainer into view, till soon the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear. In another instant a whoop and a hurrah from the upper deck of our coach, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like the belated fragments of a storm."

As nerry and daring as possible for a man to be, and the most famous of the Pony Express riders, except Col. W. E. Cady, "Buffalo Bill," was Robert Haslam. He was known throughout the West as Pony Bob. We shall let him speak about those days:

"About eight months after the Pony Express was established, the Piute War commenced in Nevada. Virginia City, then the principal point of interest, and hourly expecting an attack from the hostile Indians, was only in its infancy. A stone hotel on C Street was in the course of construction and had reached an elevation of two stories. This was hastily transformed into a fort for the protection of the women and children. From the city the signal fires of the Indians could be seen on every mountain peak. All available men and horses were pressed into service to repel the impending assault.

When I reached Reed's Station on the Carson River, I found no change of horses as all those at the station had been seized by the men to take part in the approaching battle. I fed the animal I rode. Then I started for the next station, called Bucklands, fifteen miles farther down the river, which was to have been the termination of my journey. I had changed my old route to this one in which I had had many narrow escapes and been twice wounded by the Indians.

I had already ridden seventy-five miles, but to my great astonishment, the other rider refused to go. The superintendent, W. C. Marley,

was at the station." All his persuasion could not prevail on the rider, Johnson Richardson, to take to the road. Turning then to me, Marley said:

"Bob, I will give you \$50.00 if you make this ride."

I replied, "I will go at once."

Within ten minutes I had adjusted my Spencer rifle, which was a seven shooter, and my Colt's revolver, with two cylinders ready for use in case of emergency and was ready.

Onward from the station was a lonely and dangerous ride of thirty-five miles, without a change, to the Sink of Carson. However, I arrived there all right, and pushed on to Sand Springs through an alkali bottom and sand hills, thirty miles farther, without a drop of water along the route. At Sand Springs I changed horses and continued to Cold Springs, a distance of thirty-seven miles. Another change and a ride of thirty more miles brought me to Smith's Creek. Here I was relieved by J. G. Kelley. I had ridden 190 miles, stopping only to eat and change horses.

After remaining at Smith's Creek about nine hours, I started to retrace my journey with the return express. When I arrived at Cold Springs I found to my horror that the station had been attacked by Indians. The keeper had been killed and all the horses taken away. I decided in a moment what course to pursue. I would go on!

I watered my horse, having ridden him thirty miles an time, he was pretty tired, and started for Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles away. It was growing dark, and my road lay through heavy sagebrush, high enough in some places to conceal a horse. I kept a bright lookout and closely watched every motion of my poor pony's ears, which is a signal for danger in an Indian country. I was prepared for a fight, but the stillness of the night and the howling of the wolves and coyotes made cold chills run through me at times. But I reached Sand Springs in safety and reported what had happened. Before leaving I advised the station keeper to come with me to the Sink of Carson, for I was sure the Indians would be upon him the next day.

He took my advice, and so probably saved his life. For the following morning Smith's Creek was attacked. The men, however, were well protected in the shelter of a stone house from which they fought the Indians for four days. At the end of that time they were relieved by the appearance of fifty volunteers from Cold Springs.

When I arrived at the Sink of Carson, I found the station men badly frightened. They had seen some fifty warriors decked out in their war paint and reconnoitering. There were fifteen men here, well armed and ready for a fight. The station was built of adobe and was large enough for the men and ten or fifteen horses, with a fine spring of water a few feet from it.

I rested here an hour and after dark started for Buckland's. I arrived without a mishap and only three and a half hours behind schedule time. Finding Mr. Marley at Buckland's, I related the story of the Cold Springs tragedy and my success to him. He raised his previous offer of \$50.00 for my ride to \$100.00. I was rather tired, but the excitement of the trip had braced me up to withstand the fatigue of the journey.

After a rest of one and a half hours, I proceeded over my own route from Buckland's to Friday's Station, crossing the Sierra Nevada. I had traveled 380 miles within a few hours of scheduled time, and was surrounded by perils on every hand."

After the Pony Express was discontinued, Pony Bob was employed by Wells, Fargo & Company as an express rider in the prosecution of their transportation business. His route was between Virginia City, Nevada, and Friday's Station. Schedule time was ten hours. This work continued for more than a year, but as the Pacific Railroad gradually extended its line and operations, the Pony Express business was gradually diminished. Finally, the track was completed to Reno, Nevada, twenty-three miles from Virginia City. Over this route Pony Bob rode for more than six months. He made the run every day, with fifteen horses, inside of one hour.

When the telegraph line was completed, the Pony Express over this route was withdrawn, and Pony Bob was sent to Idaho. There his job was to ride the company's express route of 100 miles with one horse from Queen's River to the Owyhee River.

Later Pony Bob became a deputy U. S. Marshal. He didn't like this work and returned to Wells, Fargo & Company. But civilization was overtaking the West. Pony Bob saw it and realized he would need a different kind of work. He had made many friends. Finally he ended up in Chicago, connected with the management of the Congress Hotel. What stories he must have told to willing ears!

SIX-GUN HEROES

in 'ELECTION OF A BADMAN'

Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Hickok

Forty mile had mushroomed fast-- one year it had been a shipping pen for the new rail-road, then, it had stores, a hotel, even a bank; what it didn't have was a sheriff-- and an election day was set to elect one; Marshal Wild Bill Hickok was sent in to make sure that the election was honest!



I'M HERE TUH SEE YUH VOTE RIGHT-- FOR WHIP HALLET! IF YUH... OOOOW!

YOU'LL BE THE FIRST GUEST IN THE NEW JAIL, MISTER! JUST AS SOON AS WE GET A SHERIFF, HE'LL TAKE YOU IN!

THERE WAS PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT WHEN WILD BILL AND JINGLES RODE IN-- TO TOWN THREE DAYS BEFORE ELECTION DAY...



VOTE FOR WHIP HALLET, STRANGER!

GET AWAY, MUNTZ, I SEEN 'EM FIRST! BOB SIMMONS IS YOUR MAN-- IF YOU WANTA STAY HEALTHY!

SOME TOWN, EH, JINGLES? THEY WANT US TO VOTE EVEN THOUGH WE DON'T LIVE HERE!

ELECT BOB SIMMONS FOR HONEST LAW

VO WH HAL

SIX-GUN HEROES

EVERY COWHAND FOR MILES AROUND WAS IN TOWN. BITTER FIGHTS RAGED IN THE DANCE HALLS AND IN THE STREETS...

WHIP HALLET'S THE MAN FOR SHERI... UNGH!

SIMMONS RUNS THE BANK! HE'LL RUN THIS TOWN!

I HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH HEALTHY VOTERS LEFT TO HAVE AN ELECTION, JINGLES!



OKAY, BOYS, THAT'S ENOUGH! ALL YOU BOYS WHO WORK FOR ME, OUTSIDE! COWBOYS WITH BUSTED HEADS AREN'T GOOD WORKERS!



I'M MARSHAL HICKOK! THE GOVERNOR SENT ME DOWN TO WATCH THE ELECTION! WHO ARE YOU VOTING FOR?

NEITHER ONE! IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHO WINS! THE SAME GANG'LL HIDE BEHIND THAT BADGE WHO-EVER WEARS IT!

WILD BILL DRIFT-ED AROUND AND ASKED MORE QUESTIONS, AND THE ANSWERS BEGAN TO FORM A PICTURE...



YUH MEAN YUH WANT ME TUH ELECTIONEER FOR THIS FELLER?

THAT'S RIGHT, JINGLES! GET STARTED! I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE BANK!



WELL, I'LL BE... JACK MORAN WAS RIGHT!



HERE'S YOUR PINOFF FOR SCARING THE OTHER CANDIDATES OFF, WHIP! AFTER I WIN, WE'LL WHIPSAW THIS WHOLE COUNTY AND BOTH GET RICH!

OR--IF I WIN, WE'LL STILL WORK IT THE SAME WAY BOB!



SIX-GUN HEROES

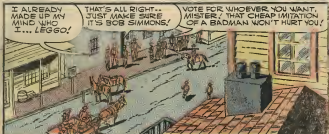
THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION SEEMED ASSURED AS THE NEXT TWO DAYS PASSED... NIGHT RIDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS BACKED WHIP HALLET BUT THEY WERE OUTNUMBERED BY THE SOLID CITIZENS WHO WANTED SIMMONS...



SIX-GUN HEROES



AND THEN IT WAS TIME TO VOTE...THE TOWN OF FORTY MILE WAS JAMMED WITH EAGER VOTERS! VOTES WERE CAST IN THE NEWLY BUILT JAIL...



I ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND WHO I... LEGGO!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT-- JUST MAKE SURE IT'S BOB SIMMONS!

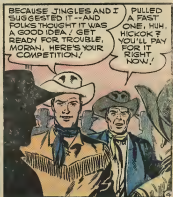
VOTE FOR WHOEVER YOU WANT, MISTER! THAT CHEAP IMITATION OF A BADMAN WON'T HURT YOU!



THERE'S WHO I VOTED FOR... JACK MORAN!

SO DID I!

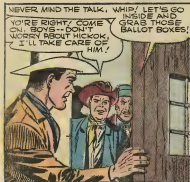
WHAT'S THAT? WHY WOULD THEY VOTE FOR ME?



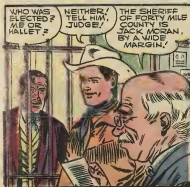
BECAUSE JINGLES AND I SUGGESTED IT--AND FOLKS THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA! GET READY FOR TROUBLE, MORAN, HERE'S YOUR COMPETITION!

PULLED A FAST ONE, HUH. HICKOK? YOU'LL PAY FOR IT RIGHT NOW!

SIX-GUN HEROES



WILD BILL, WHO HAD BEEN SHOOTING OVER THE HEADS OF THE CHARGING GANG, JUMPED ASIDE, AND...



SIX-GUN HEROES

Jingles

AND

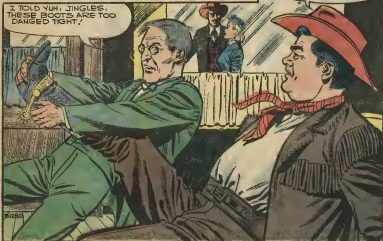
Wild Bill Hickok

in the 'FANCIEST BOOTS IN TOWN'

ESMERELDA JONES WAS A CHOOSY SORT OF A GIRL, BUT JINGLES PATIENTLY WOODED HER AND HAD THE INSIDE TRACK TILL ACE HAWKINS ARRIVED. THEN HER SKY BLUE EYES TURNED FROM WILD BILL'S BEST BUDDY TO THE SPLENDIDLY GARBED STRANGER WEARING THE FANCY BOOTS.

THEY FIT PERFECT! SNUG! THE WAY I LIKE 'EM! THERE GOES ACE HAWKINS WITH MY GIRL NOW!

I TOLD YUH, JINGLES, THESE BOOTS ARE TOO DANGED TIGHT!



IT WASN'T TILL ESMERELDA WON THE COOKING PRIZE AT THE COUNTRY FAIR THAT JINGLES FELL FOR HER...

DOGGONE IT, ESMERELDA-- YUH SURE BAKE A MEAN PIE!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, JINGLES-- AND THANK YOU FOR VOTING ME THE BEST COOK!



...AND SO IT WENT, ESMERELDA WAS PRETTY GOOD WITH A PICNIC LUNCH TOO...

GEE, THIS LUNCH IS GREAT! SAY, CAN I TAKE YUH TUH THE DANCE NEXT WEEK?

PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE MY STEADY BEAU, JINGLES!



SIX-GUN HEROES

THE DAYS PASSED IN A HAZE OF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN, STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE AND OTHER GOODIES. ALL SERVED WITH A DUMPLERED SMILE AND LOVELY BLUE EYES. THEN MISERY ARRIVED WITH FLASHY ACE HAWKINS...

THAT STRANGER IS DRESSED UP LIKE A RODEO RIDER! OH, OH, HERE COMES ESMERELDA!



PARDON ME, MA'AM, BUT COULD YOU RECOMMEND A GOOD RESTAURANT? I'M STARVED!

OH, WHY... THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN IS CLOSED, BUT...



...I RECKON I CAN WHIP UP A LITTLE BITE. I LIVE RIGHT CLOSE BY!

YOU'RE AS KIND AS YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, MA'AM!



YOU MAKE A NICE APPEARANCE YOURSELF! ESPECIALLY YOUR NICE BOOTS. YOU'RE NOT SLOPPY ABOUT THEM LIKE SOME MEN I KNOW!



THE MAIL CAME IN, JINGLES! COME ON OVER TO THE OFFICE WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE!

OKAY, BILL-- BUT I'VE GOT TO BUY A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS FIRST!



THEY'RE TOO SMALL FOR YUH, JINGLES! TRY PLAIN ONES-- I GOT THEM IN YOUR SIZE!

NOPE! I'LL TAKE THESE FANCY ONES! I'VE GOT A SMALL FOOT FOR A BIG MAN!



SIX-GUN HEROES

A HALF HOUR LATER...

WELL, WE GOT 'EM ON-- BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'LL COME OFF AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, THEY FIT PERFECT! WAIT'LL ESMERELDA SEE THESE!

THE GOLD INLAIN BOOTS COST A HUNDRED DOLLARS AND JINGLES FELT PROUDER WITH EVERY STEP! HE WANTED FOLKS TO SEE THEM RIGHT AWAY...

DON'T GO IN THERE, JINGLES-- THE ANSON BROTHERS ARE ON THE WAR-PATH!

THEY'LL QUIET DOWN WHEN THEY SEE MY NEW BOOTS!

LOOKIT THE FANCY BOOTS, SUBBA! LET'S BORROW 'EM FROM JINGLES! YOU WEAR ONE AND I'LL WEAR ONE!

YUH BOYS BETTER STAY AWAY FROM MY BOOTS, ANSON!

SIXTY SECONDS LATER...

I WARNED YUH! I'M TOUCHN ABOUT THESE BOOTS!

THEN, TRYING TO WALK WITHOUT LIMPING, JINGLES MADE IT TO THE JAIL...

WE GOT A WANTED BULLETIN ON DUDE HARKER! THIS STRANGER WHO JUST HIT TOWN FITS THE DESCRIPTION! WANT TO CHECK?

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BILL! I KNOW WHERE HE IS, TOO!

WE WERE STARTING FOR THE DANCE, JINGLES! MY, WHAT BEAUTIFUL BOOTS!

PURTY, AIN'T THEY? I'M HEADIN' FER THE DANCE, TOO! LET'S GO!

SIX-GUN HEROES

JINGLES HAD THE FIRST DANCE WITH ESMERELDA, THEN HE LET THE STRANGER TAKE OVER... VERY UNUSUAL FOR JINGLES...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE, JINGLES! WE'LL LOOK OUT FOR THE GUNS AND THE MONEY BOX IN THE BACK ROOM!

I DON'T SHIRK MY RESPONSIBILITIES, JUDGE! I'M GONNA STAY RIGHT HERE! LET THE OTHERS HAVE FUN!

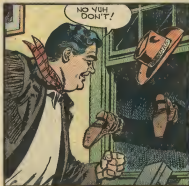
JINGLES, THAT ACE HAWKINS... SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE LEFT ME ON THE DANCE FLOOR THEN HE SNEAKED BEHIND YOU INTO THE LITTLE ROOM!

HE DID? I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



WHAT DO YOU WANT, CHUBBY?

DROP THAT GUN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



NO YUH DON'T!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GET 'IM OFF ME! I'LL CONFESS TO EVERYTHING!

CAN'T GET OFF HIM TILL I GET MY OLD BOOTS! RUN AN' GET 'EM, EMMY--AN' DON'T MENTION FANCY BOOTS TUH ME AGAIN!

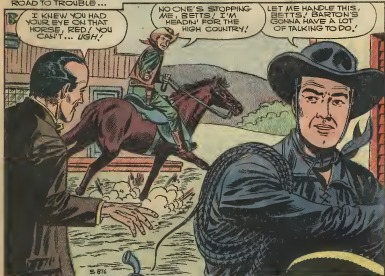
SIX-GUN HEROES



LASH LARUE

in "KING
OF THE
CAMP"

RED BARTON HAD A LONG RECORD... HORSE THIEVING, HOLDUPS, AND VARIOUS OTHER CRIMES! BUT HIS THEFT OF BANKER JOHN BETTS' DUN MARE IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT STARTED HIM ON THE ROAD TO PRISON! AND IT PUT LASH LARUE ON THE ROAD TO TROUBLE...



I KNEW YOU HAD YOUR EYE ON THAT HORSE, RED! YOU CAN'T... UGH!

NO ONE'S STOPPING ME, BETTS! I'M HEADIN' FOR THE HIGH COUNTRY!

LET ME HANDLE THIS, BETTS! BARTON'S GONNA HAVE A LOT OF TALKING TO DO!

58%



WIIIOA, RUSH! WE CAN'T GO FAR WITH YOU LIMPING ON A BAD SHOE!

SO LONG, LARUE-- SEE YOU AROUND!

TWO HOURS LATER, WITH LASH LARUE'S GREAT HORSE, RUSH, WELL SHOD AGAIN...



HE'S HEADED INTO THE LUMBERIN' COUNTRY! WELL, I'LL DRAG HIM BACK NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES!

SIX-GUN HEROES

BARTON'S TRAIL LED UPWARD...IN-TO THE TALL TIMBER WHERE LUMBERING WAS THE INDUSTRY, NOT CATTLE...



HE'S NOT FAR
AHEAD,
RUSH!
HE GAINED
A LOT OF
MILES ON
THAT
STOLEN
MARE!



WHERE'S THE
BOSS'S OFFICE,
FRIEND?

NEVER MIND THE
BOSS--LOOK FOR
CLIPPER BARTON!
HE RUNS THIS
CAMP!

...SO I LIT OUT FOR
WERE WITH THE...
HERE HE IS NOW,
CLIPPER!

CALM DOWN, RED!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THIS PILGRIM!



KEEP BACK,
CLIPPER!
I DON'T
LIKE TO
BE CROWDED!

NOBODY
CARES
WHAT YOU
LIKE IN
MY CAMP,
FRIEND!



I RUN THIS PLACE,
SEE? YOU'RE NOT
TAKING MY KID
BROTHER
OUTTA HERE!

HE
STOLE
THAT
HORSE,
CLIPPER!
HE'S NOT
GETTING
AWAY WITH
IT!



I'LL GIVE
YOU A
SAMPLE
OF...
OOF!

YOUR
TIMING IS
WAY OFF,
BARTON!



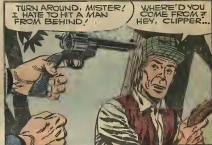
SIX-GUN HEROES



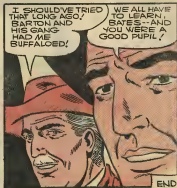
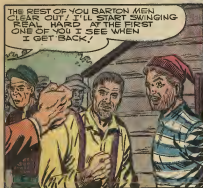
SIX-GUN HEROES



MEANWHILE, CLIPPER BARTON AND HIS HORSE THIEF BROTHER WERE WAITING WITH THE OTHERS OUTSIDE...



SIX-GUN HEROES



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